

BATMAN

"FASHIONS IN CRIME"

BY

Peggy Shaw

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON- NIGHT (STOCK)- ESTABLISHING

CLOSE ON SIGN

It reads: "GOTHAM STATE PENNITENTARY, FEMALE DIVISION" (STOCK)
A large, sleek BLACK CAT suddenly prpings out of the darkness,
landing on the sign.~~and~~ Around its neck is a curious collar
with various shiny objects gleaming from small pockets.
UNDERScore with EERIE MUSIC. The cat looks upwards and MEOWS.

SHOT OF SHEER PRISON WALLS AND ENDLESS BARRED WINDOWS (STOCK)

INT. PRISON CELL

A gorgeous, sexy, cat-eyed BRUNETTE, dressed in prison garb,
lies on the bunk in her lonely cell. O.S. is SOUND of MEOWING,
louder and more challenging now. The brunette opens her eyes,
which glow cat-like in the semi-darkened cell, then with a
glad cry rises and rushes to the barred window.

EXT. PRISON ANGLING FROM SIGN

Still MEOWING, the cat is looking upwards. From high above
its head an answering MEOW is heard. The cat leaps down from
the sign.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR- ANGLING FROM WOMAN GUARD

She has a body like a Ram fullback and a face like a broken
chair. She stands with her hands on her hips glowering into
the cell where we can see the brunette, back to the guard,
looking out her small, barred window. The guard reacts to a
strange, catlike SOUND that seems to emanate from the
prisoner.

GUARD

What're you yowling about?

The brunette swings to face her, obviously startled. Her eyes
narrow for an instant and her body tenses like an animal at
bay, then she composes herself, speaking in a throaty, purring
voice.

BRUNETTE

I didn't say a word, angel-face. Not one
single word.

The guard glowers at her suspiciously a long moment, then grunts
and lumbers off down the corridor to join another competent

looking WOMAN GUARD seated at a desk at the end of the corridor.

1st WOMAN GUARD

Boy, I wouldn't trust that one far as I
could throw a steer. Something ve-ry
strange about her.

LOW ANGLE- BLACK CAT

moving stealthily down the corridor.

INT. PRISON CELL

The brunette has dropped to her knees, making little purring noises as she entices the cat through the bars. ~~Now she~~
Now she lifts it, hugging it, stroking it as she moves with it back to her bunk, speaking to it in whispered babytalk.

BRUNETTE

Oh, was a nice pussy; was a wittle darling
to come to mama's rescue. Well, yes! Took ums
a long time to find us, but here we is.

As she murmurs endearments she busily removes objects from the pockets of the cat's collar, commenting appreciatively as she does so.

BRUNETTE

A nice little skeleton key and, oh my!, look
at these pretty little gas pellets for the nice
lady guards. Well, yes!

She kisses the cat on the tip of its nose and then palms the pellets and hurries to the front of her cell. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER as we watch her soundlessly insert the skeleton key in the lock.

ANGLING FROM GUARDS

Behind them we see the brunette moving swiftly, soundlessly in their direction. She raises her arm and flings something. There is a HISSING SOUND and ~~then a vapor~~ a vaporous cloud fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE- DAY

O.S. is heard SOUND of SIRENS. Gordon hangs up the phone and with a stunned expression on his face announces to the anxious O'HARA hovering beside his desk.

GORDON
Cat Woman escaped!

O'HARA
That evil, feline fiend on the loose?!
Heaven help us.

A beat as they absorb the horror of this.

O'HARA
Shall I put out an all points bulletin,
Commissioner?

GORDON
O'Hara, there's only one man who can deal
with Cat Woman.

Their eyes ~~lock~~ lock, then slowly both turn to look at the red phone. Gordon reaches out, taking the plexiglas cover from it and urgently presses the button at its base.

GORDON
I don't know his identity. I only know
he is the only help heaven will send us.

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S STUDY - DAY

OPEN CLOSE on Batphone performing. SUPER TITLE:

"MEANWHILE IN THE STUDY OF WAYNE MANOR,
MANSION OF 9TH GENERATION MILLIONAIRE
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK
GRAYSON..."

As TITLE FADES, CAMERA PULLS BACK to include ALFRED rushing to answer the phone.

ALFRED
I'll call him, sir.

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BRUCE is sitting in an easy chair pretending to read the Wall Street Journal, but really listening and watching with a fond smile as Dick and his girlfriend, JANIE, sit on pillows in front of the roaring fire while Janie reads aloud a poem. Janie is a budding young teenager with ironed hair and great, blank, innocent eyes. Over this AUNT HARRIET offers Bruce a glass of lemonade and cookies, then moves toward Dick and Janie with her tray.

JANIE
"The dreamseller is coming o'er hill and dale
To find all his wondrous dreams a sale.
Dreams for the children asleep in their bed,
Dreams for the couples about to be wed,
Dreams for the -

AUNT HARRIET
Lemonade and cookies, children?

In the background we see Alfred enter rather urgently, then stop.

O'HARA
Shall I put out an all points bulletin,
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with Cat Woman.

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AUNT HARRIET
Lemonade and cookies, children?

In the background we see Alfred enter rather urgently, then stop,
subtly trying to draw attention to himself, hindered from speaking
in the presence of Aunt Harriet and Janie. Over this:

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

DICK

Sssshh, Aunt Harriet. It's a poem
Janie wrote.

ANGLING FROM DICK

At first listening to Janie, then his attention diverted by Alfred
in the background who has managed to attract Bruce's eyes and is
silently mouthing his message as Bruce concentrates on trying to decipher
it.

JANIE

(over this action)

Dreams for the old folks for whom
life is waning,
Dreams for the --

She gets no farther, for Dick has been intently watching Alfred as he
cleverly pantomimes answering the telephone and now Dick springs to
his feet, interrupting her.

DICK

Holy nightmare, he means...

But fortunately Bruce coughs a warning cough, at the same time
flashing Dick a warning look that stops Dick in mid-sentence. Janie
stares up at Dick with wounded eyes.

BRUCE

(smoothly, ~~seriously~~)

Dick, would you and your girlfriend
forgive me for mentioning that you
have some unfinished homework?

DICK

But, Bruce. It's Saturday morning and---
(suddenly getting the significance)
Gleeps! My math. I forgot.

Bruce exits hurriedly. Dick stares after him, wanting to rush
after him but rooted by his training. He manages a smile as he
turns back to Janie who has now gotten to her feet and is petulantly
stuffing the poem in her purse.

DICK

Gee, Janie. I wanna hear the rest
of it. Maybe tomorrow we could--

But it is too late. With a luminous smile Janie is extracting the
poem from her purse as she sits again in front of the fire.

INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - INTERCUT WITH GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Bruce is speaking urgently into the red phone.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
What is it, Commissioner?

GORDON
Prison break. Cat Woman!

BRUCE
When?

GORDON
Last night. The guards just came to.

BRUCE
Stand by.

He slams down the phone just as Dick rushes in.

DECK
What is it?

BRUCE
(grim)
Cat Woman broke out of jail.

DICK
~~Help meow!~~ The Princess of Plunder on
the prowl!

BRUCE
To the Batpoles!

They run to Batpoles.

STANDARD FOOTAGE TO END OF TEASER.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

STOCK SHOT TO HOLD FOR EPISODE TITLES

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE- DAY

Batman, Robin, Gordon and Chief O'Hara. OPEN CLOSE on Batman studying a note.

BATMAN

Strange. You say this~~e~~ note was delivered by a cat?

GORDON

Strange but true, Batman.

O'HARA

A cat black as sin. It ran in here with the paper in its teeth, then lept out the window!

CONT:

BATMAN

A trained cat. No doubt the same animal she used in her escape...

ROBIN

What's the note say, Batman?

BATMAN

(reads)

"Hello, handsome. Whaddya bet you FALL FOR MY LINE and THROW YOURSELF at me? Signed...Unhappy Maiden."

ROBIN

A typical criminal taunt!

BATMAN

Exactly, Robin. But why? What's she up to?

GORDON

I can guess what her first move will be. She'll reorganize her old Cat Pack of underworld hoodlums.

O'HARA

Then she'll find herself a new base...

BATMAN

Right, Chief O'Hara. Some hidden Cat's Nest from which to unleash a reign of feline terror! If we only knew where...

ROBIN

Maybe there'd a clue in that note, Batman!

Batman picks it up, frowns at it.

BATMAN

It's certainly an odd signature for the Cat Woman. A brazen hussy, signing herself "Unhappy Maiden."

ROBIN

(thinking hard)

Maiden. Girl. Woman. Dame. Damsel...

Cont.

CONT:

GORDON

Keep going, Boy Wonder...

ROBIN

Unhappy. Sad. Blue. Distressed.

Batman reacts.

BATMAN

That's it! You've done it again,
Robin!

ROBIN

Golly. Wha'd I say??

BATMAN

Damsel in distress! "Damsel,"
the new fashion magazine!

GORDON

Of course! Almost bankrupt after
its first issue!

O'HARA

And the Cat Woman used to be one
of them fancy dress-designers!

ROBIN

It fits, all right! But what
does it mean??

BATMAN

I don't know. But I hardly think
it's coincidence... In the paper
this morning. It said "Damsel" is
being featured on a television
show they're filming this afternoon.

GORDON

(struck by a
thought)
Great Scott!

BATMAN

What is it, Commissioner?

GORDON

The studio called us for police
protection. That show they're
filming. The subject is fabulous
furs!

ROBIN

Holy rink!

CONT:

BATMAN

Yes! That would appeal to her
insane vanity...a crime committed
for a television audience!

ROBIN

What're we waiting for, Batman?
Let's crash the show!

BATMAN

Right you are, Robin! To the
Batmobile!

They start to race out. Then Batman brakes hard, turns
back to Chief O'Hara.

BATMAN

(going on)

One word of warning, Chief. If
any of your men spots her, ~~xxx~~
tell him to use extreme caution!

GORDON

You think she's...armed?

BATMAN

(grim, hard)

Worse. Like Venus de Milo, she
needs no arms. The Cat Woman is
a man-trap!

(to Robin)

Let's go!

They race out.

END OF COMMISSIONER GORDON SCENE.

EXT. SOUND STAGE TELEVISION STUDIO- ESTABLISHING- DAY

Identifying it as "Stage 4" with all the usual "No admittance" signs and cautions not to enter when the red light is on. At the moment the red light is rotating, signifying that they are shooting.

INT. SOUND STAGE- DAY

GRIPS, CAMERAMEN, DIRECTORS, etc. all going about their appointed tasks of filming a fashion show. Various willowy MODELS mill around awaiting their cues, while the one in front of the camera pivots slowly to display the gown she is modeling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to feature the SOUND CONTROL OPERATOR as he sits on his high desk adjusting the various buttons and instruments on his panel box. Suddenly the air is rent with HIGH WHINING SOUNDS that cause the microphones to crackle STATIC and the sound control operator lets out a yell and yanks the earphones from his head, holding both hands over his ears.

DIRECTOR

CUT!

The director swings away from the cameras, addressing the sound control operator.

DIRECTOR

What gives, Harry? Airplane?

SOUND CONTROL OPERATOR

Felt more like a rocket landed right on my ear drums.

DIRECTOR

Tell me about it later, huh, baby?
We're late. Okay to shoot, or not?

The operator gives him a look of pure hatred, then holds the earphones at a safe distance from his head and turns a few dials.

FEATURE MONITOR

WHINING, STATIC as all the lights and lines go squiggly and crazy.

EXT SOUND STAGE- DAY

ROCKET-LIKE SOUND of approaching vehicle. We see the caution red light is no longer rotating. The SOUND draws closer and then the Batmobile brakes NEAR CAMERA with dying WHINE of the turbo-electric drive. Batman and Robin leap out and rush to the stage door.

INT. SOUND STAGE- DAY

as they enter, pausing to get their bearings and cast their steely-eyed glances around for any sign of Cat Woman. A STAGEHAND hurries toward them, staring at them glassy-eyed.

STAGEHAND

Batman and Robin? You for real or just in costume?

BATMAN

(authoritatively)

MSX Carry on as usual. Don't draw attention to us.

STAGEHAND

(awed)

No, sir.

Batman and Robin move forward with measured strides.

BATMAN

~~It will work to our advantage~~

It works to our advantage that the setting for her crime is this tinsel, make-believe world of entertainment.

ROBIN

I see what you mean. They^{ll} think we're play acting.

They have come to a stop now near the cameras that are aimed toward a clearing ingeniously designed to look like a snow-covered Russian village. A large sled is in the center of the clearing to ~~which~~ which a ~~xx~~ TRAINER is harnessing two ferocious looking SLED DOGS. The DIRECTOR is watching critically. he Turns to an ASSISTANT now and mumbles an order.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR STAGE MANAGER

~~/aim camera on the sled and get the sled~~

Get those dogs hitched. Let's go. Let's go. We haven't got all day.

(a bellow)

WARDROBE MISTRESS. Bring out the sable coat.

Batman and Robin exchange a glance, only the slight narrowing of their eyes conveying their message to each other. They move closer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Batman and Robin move to stand beside the director.

DIRECTOR

(to ~~xxxxx~~ Cameraman)

Aim camera one so the dogs come right at it and then dolly around to get a closeup on the coat.

Batman nudges Robin with his elbow, directing his aide's attention to a prim looking lady, the ~~WARDROBE~~ WARDROBE MISTRESS, who is in front of the cameras now, gently and lovingly arranging the sable on the back of the sled.

ROBIN

That must be one of those furs we read about.

BATMAN

Genuine matched sables. Worth a quarter of a million dollars.

ROBIN

A quarter of a million! Holy war on poverty!

BATMAN

Don't take your eyes off that coat for a second, chum.

DIRECTOR

Okay, we ready? Now, let's get this in one take.

(CONTINUED)

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DIRECTOR

Quarter of a million -

(spotting something wrong and moving off with a snarl)

Not that one, stupid. I have to do everything myself.

HOLD on Batman and Robin.

ROBIN

A quarter of a million! Holy war on poverty!

BATMAN

Don't take your eyes off that cat for a second.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Okay, everybody. Now, let's get this in one take.

ANGLE FROM DOG SLED

The trainer is backing out of camera range, both hands upraised in signal for the dogs to remain motionless as he murmurs some command to them. Both dogs keep their gazes riveted on the trainer as he moves back.

O.S. we hear stagehand's voice:

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Twenty-two Able, take one.

Suddenly both dogs sniff the air and their hackles begin to rise. At that precise moment the director shouts:

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

ACTION! CAMERAS!

And a black cat flashes from nowhere and streaks in front of the dogs. With YELPS the dogs take off at high speed from a dead start, scattering stagehands and cameras in all directions. Confusion! Chaos! People stand paralyzed, but Batman and Robin streak off after the sled which is being propelled with horrible SCRAPING SOUNDS across the floor of the sound stage as the dogs pursue the cat.

HIGH ANGLE

On a catwalk above the set we suddenly see what appears to be a Playboy Bunny. But now as CAMERA ZOOMS toward her, we see a significant difference. The ears are not bunnies' ears at all. They are cat ears. And as she turns sideways we see protruding from her ruffled tu tu, not a soft white bunny's tail, but the long tail of a cat. It is the Cat Woman!

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

She smiles an evil smile at the riot below, then reaches down to pick up a fishing pole. Expertly she casts and, to our horror as CAMERA ANGLES DOWNWARD, we see that she is fishing for the sable coat on the back of the sled.

MOVING WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN

as they outdistance the dogs and turn sharply in front to stop them. Each grabbing a harness of a dog, working with beautiful precision, they bring the sled to a screeching halt.

BATMAN

Quiet them down, Robin. I'd better take custody of that sable.

GO WITH BATMAN

as he moves around the side of the sled. Just as he is reaching out for the sable a large hook at the end of the fishing pole probes expertly and becomes attached in an armhole of the coat, whipping it from the sled and into the air. Batman whirls, looking upward.

ANGLING FROM CATWOMAN

Giggling with self adoration, she is whipping the coat onto the catwalk. Landing it, she reaches into her bosom and her hand comes out instantly, brandishing a small derringer. She fires.

QUICK CUT - REACTION SHOT - BATMAN

looking up at light fixture directly above his head which has received the impact of the bullet. Robin MOVES INTO SHOT beside him.

NEW ANGLE - FEATURING CAT WOMAN

as she fires again, aiming for the rope that supports the heavy fixture.

CLOSE ON LIGHT FIXTURE

as bullet slices through the rope and the fixture drops downward.

WIDER ANGLE - BATMAN AND ROBIN

They spring to safety in the nick of time as the fixture plunges to the floor in the very spot they had been standing! There is, naturally the accompanying sound effects of SHATTERED GLASS, HEAVY IRON CRASHING THROUGH WOODEN FLOOR, etc.

ROBIN

Holy, blackout.

People are crowding around now as Batman grabs the Batarang from his famed Utility Belt, hooks it to end of Batrope filament and shouts a warning as he cocks his arm.

BATMAN

Stand clear!

(CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED)

As people fall back, he wings the Batarang upwards. BLURRED WHIP PAN EFFECT, at end of which.

CLOSE SHOT - SECTION OF CATWALK

As the Batarang with its trailing Batrope winds around a steel pole and catches there.

NEW ANGLE - BATMAN

as he tugs on the Batrope, takes a running start and swings through the air with derring-do that would shame Tarzan himself.

QUICK CUT - BATMAN IN MID-AIR

a splendid, fear-inspiring spectacle with his cape, like giant bat wings, flowing behind him.

SECTION OF CATWALK

as Batman lands on it and looks up and down for the Cat Woman. She is nowhere to be seen. Neither is the sable coat!

ROBIN (o.s.)
Batman!

ANGLING DOWN

as Batman looks, spotting Robin standing on top of the sled and pointing to a figure moving through the crowd. It has cat ears and we see its cat tail lashing back and forth. It must surely be the Cat Woman!

BATMAN
Stop, Cat Woman! As a duly, deputized
agent of the law, I command you!

The figure of Cat Woman continues serenely through the crowd, the rest of whom have stopped moving and are staring up at Batman. Without further ado, he grabs his magnificent Batrope once again and flies off the catwalk.

ANGLE ON CROWD

Standing in openmouthed admiration as Batman lands among them.

BATMAN
Make way. Clear a path.

They gasp and step aside, recognizing now that terrible danger is in their midst and that this costumed figure was not an actor at all, but the Brave Battler of Badmen. He moves through them as though walking on water, the waves parting before him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Batman strides after the solitary figure of Cat Woman that is gliding away from him, seemingly without fear, and without so much as a backward glance. When he is a yard or two behind her, he stops.

BATMAN

A second and last warning. STOP, Cat Woman!

and still the figure glides away. All muscles of this Costumed Hero tense and he propels himself forward in a dazzling flying tackle. CRASH! He and Cat Woman bite the dust.

ANOTHER ANGLE#

as the crowd circles them, Batman carefully disengages himself and rises. And now, as Robin takes his rightful place beside Batman, it is interesting to note that even in this gathering of sophisticates ~~who make their living~~ they still press forward waving papers and pencils in front of the Dynamic Duo.

AD LIBS

HEY LOOK. IT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN....
CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?...BATMAN
CAUGHT THE CAT WOMAN... SIGN THIS FOR
MY KID, WILL YA?

BATMAN

(grim)

Stand back, please. She is a dangerous criminal. All right, Cat Woman. Get up.

The figure remains motionless.

ROBIN

Golly, moses. She must be knocked out.
Is there a doctor in the ~~house~~ house?

Batman reaches into his Utility Belt.

BATMAN

Simple smelling salts should do the trick.

He bends to the figure on the floor as he opens the small bottle of salts, holding it under her nose.

LOW ANGLE

a long moment as Batman's solicitude turns into dawning horror. He stares at the figure of the Cat Woman. Then, with tentative fingers, he touches its face. Now he taps his fingernails against the face, producing a metallic SOUND. His eyes travel the body, coming to rest on the feet to which we see roller skates attached. He looks grimly up at Robin.

ANGLE FROM ROBIN

BATMAN

This is not Cat Woman.

ROBIN

Well then, holy meow, who is it?

BATMAN

A mannequin fiendishly disguised to look like her. Outfitted with magnetic roller skates.

~~Cat~~ He rises, lifting the mannequin to an upright position. Robin points excitedly to a note attached to the mannequin's bodice.

ROBIN

Batman! Look! Do you think it might be another clue?

Robin grabs the note, opening it and reading aloud.

ROBIN

"Dear Batman: Is it the fashion for YOU to be the dummy? Ha! Ha!" It's signed "Cat Woman".

Their eyes lock as the significance of this strikes them.

BATMAN

Now I see what her earlier note meant. & "Whaddya bet you fall for my line and throw yourself at me?"

ROBIN

~~Wow! So that's what it means!~~
Holy hook, line and sinker!

They swing at excited call of STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Batman!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the stagehand seen previously rushes toward them.

STAGEHAND

Green flares are shooting up from the Batmobile.

BATMAN

The batphone!

He wheels and strides for the exit, Robin falling into step beside him.

EXT. STAGE- ANGLING FROM BATMOBILE

Performing whatever razzle-dazzle it does when Batphone rings. Batman and Robin rush INTO SHOT and Batman grabs the phone off the hook.

BATMAN

Batman, here!

INTERCUT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON

woman

GORDON

A/~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ claims to have information as to Cat Woman's whereabouts!

BATMAN

Go on!

GORDON

Her name's Madame Moderne. She's the new editor of k Damsel Magazine. She's there now.

BATMAN

We're on our way.

He slams down the phone and races around to the driver's seat, calling to Robin urgently.

BATMAN

Let's go!

STOCK FOOTAGE-

as they zoom off.

INT. CORRIDOR- CLOSE ON DOOR

lettering on door identifies it as the office of Damsel's Editor, Madame Moderne. Batman's hand ENTERS SHOT and he KNOCKS urgently.

INT. MADAME MODERNE'S OFFICE- ANGLING FROM DESK

where MADAME MODERNE, a blonde young woman with a severe hairdo and hornrim glasses sits going over some fashion layouts. There is something hauntingly familiar about her. We feel she might be a beautiful woman if she loosened her hair and removed her glasses. She looks up at REPEATED KNOCKING and calls out in French.

Entre.

MADAME

She rises as Batman and Robin enter and stride quickly toward her desk. She speaks English now, with a heavy and a very flaky French accent.

MADAME

You must be ze Batman and ze Boy Wonder, no?

BATMAN

Madame Moderne?

MADAME

Oui.

Her eyes rivet on Batman as he draws closer, a very lingering appraising look that is strangely at odds with her demure appearance.

BATMAN

You have information for us, Madame?

With an effort she draws her eyes to his face.

~~BATMAN~~ MADAME

Pardon?

BATMAN

You told the commissioner you know where the Cat Woman is!

And still she stares at him. Looking into her eyes, an antenna in Batman's memory quivers.

BATMAN

Have we seen each other before, Madame?

She turns away so abruptly that one might almost become suspicious. Batman swings to watch as she moves over to seat herself on the couch, the outlines of her figure hidden by a rather atrocious sack-like dress she is wearing. ~~But her tone~~ But her tone is casual enough.

MADAME

No. Nevair.

BATMAN

We're pressed for time, Madame. What is your information?

MADAME

I tell ze white lie to have you come up here.

BATMAN

(enraged)

Great heaven's woman! Don't you realize
that this very minute that ~~man~~ vicious
creature is planning another super crime?

Without waiting for an answer, he turns and strides toward the
door, Robin, naturally, following.

ANGLE AT DOOR

Batman yeanks it open, when suddenly the Boy Wonder looks back
at SOUND OF SOBBING. ANGLE WIDENS to disclose the Madame, her
face in her hands, sobbing piteously.

ROBIN

~~Oh my, Batman!~~ Holy, flood, Batman!
You hurt her feelings.

BATMAN

Crime does not wait for a woman's tears.

MADAME

~~xxxxxx~~

Madame springs to her feet, rushing after them.

MADAME

Wait. I so sorr-ee. But ze fear I could
not live with.

As he hesitates, she flings herself in his arms, her words
tumbling over each other in hysterical outbursts of mutilated
English.

MADAME

Madame Modern responsible for ze coat and
she fear you sink she help steal it.

Firmly Batman disengages himself, reaching into his Utility
Belt to produce a ~~handkerchief~~ handkerchief, which he offers her.

BATMAN

There's no question in anyone's mind as to
who stole the sable.

~~xxxxxx~~

MADAME

Oh, sank you. Sank you.

And she flings herself into Batman's arms again, her hands
gripping his head and pulling it down so that she can kiss him.
CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER and for the briefest moment we see Batman

seems to be reeling from the intensity and the surprise of this attack, but then he recovers, thrusts her very firmly from him and exits swiftly.

INT. CORRIDOR- CLOSE ON DOOR

as Batman and Robin step into the corridor, closing the door behind them.

ROBIN

Holy, lipstick! What did she do that for?

Reminded, Batman wipes his lips with the corner of his cape.

BATMAN

~~We've wasted valuable time xxxxxxxx~~
That's a very good question, Robin.

He hesitates, staring at the Madame's door with hard eyes.

ROBIN

Maybe she is working with Cat Woman.

BATMAN

(tight)

I think we'd better check the anti-crime computer and see what it can tell us about Madame Moderné!

(starting off at a run)

Let's go!

Robin races after him.

INT. MADAME'S OFFICE- ANGLING FROM DOOR

Madame cautiously inches the door open, looking after their retreating figures, then she turns back into the room, whispering urgently.

MADAME

Come, darling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as we see a black cat scurry out from under the couch and rush toward her! She whispers to it sibilantly, without a trace of accent, dropping to her knees to attach a homing transmitter to the cat's collar.

Hide in the Batmobile!

MADAME

~~Follow them.~~ ↑ I'll pick up the signal from this radio.

She rises and opens the door wider.

MADAME

And don't get side-tracked by any mice!

The cat streaks out. With an evil smile Madame closes the

door. Now, to our horror, she removes the hornrim glasses and the blonde wig as she turns and walks over to a full length mirror. The CAMERA is on her back as she begins unbuttoning the sacklike dress she is wearing.

SHOOTING INTO MIRROR

as she completes unbuttoning, revealing a cat costume underneath! Great thunder! It is the Cat Woman! She speaks softly to her reflection in the mirror.

CAT WOMAN

Nice going, honey. You stole a sable coat.
And a kiss from the Batman!

And now as the sack slips to the floor revealing her spectacular legs clad in black net hose, she breathes ominously:

CAT WOMAN

Death to Batman and Robin!

~~EXTxSECRETEDxHILLSIDE~~

INT. BATCAVE

Batmobile races down ramp, halts on turntable. Batman and Robin leap out and, on the run, head for the crime laboratory. HOLD ON BATMOBILE as CAMERA PANS DOWN FOR LOW ANGLE SHOT of parachute container near the front wheel. We become aware of something moving in the folds of the parachute!

BATMAN AND ROBIN

Robin stands in front of the crime computer, pressing various buttons, knobs, etc. Batman prowls up and down, snapping out instructions.

BATMAN

Get a complete rundown on Madame Moderne.
Her habits, hangouts. Any information
at all that ties her in with the Cat Pack.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER

Sparkling lights and wavy lines zipping up and down to accompany whirring sounds. Robin's hand IN SHOT is pressing still more ~~buttons~~ buttons as Batman's instructions continue over.

BATMAN (O.S.)

A complete ~~dossier~~ dossier. It may be
that she's an unwitting accomplice.

Throughout this we see a panel board rotating on the machine so rapidly we cannot make out lettering on its face.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Zeroing in now.

~~The panel is slowing down and we are able to identify the names of the following XXXXXXXX MAMXXXXXRRRRRRRINE MAMXXXX~~

The panel stops WHIRRING and now new sounds of GULPING, CLICKING, etc. as the computer goes into action.

WIDER ANGLE

as Robin half turns from the computer to inform Batman.

ROBIN

It's working over Madame ~~Moderne~~ Moderne now.

LOW ANGLE- BATMOBILE

From the folds of the parachute we now see two hot coals glowing from the surrounding darkness! EERIE MUSIC UP as a black figure begins to take shape. It's the Cat Woman's cat! Free of the parachute, it stands motionless a moment, then begins slinking ~~at~~ CLOSER TO CAMERA and we see tiny lights flashing from the transistor radio around it's neck.

INT. ~~BAR~~ WAREHOUSE- DAY

Cat Woman stands over a table on which is spread out a large map of Gotham City. A ~~tiny~~ small transistor radio on the table is BLEEPING steadily. Cat Woman is excitedly ~~tracking~~ locating the position on the map. Surrounding her are SEVERAL MEMBERS of the CAT PACK. They are ~~in the shadows~~ as evil, unshaven a collection of hoodlums as we can imagine.

CAT WOMAN

I get the signal, but there's so much interference, I can't pinpoint the location.

INT. BATCAVE- ~~ANGLE~~ ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

Batman and Robin rush forward as the computer gives a last, great VOMITING SOUND and comes to a stop. They stare at the panel board.

CLOSE ON PANEL BOARD

It reads "TILT". All sound stops.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they stare at it.

24 ROBIN

It has nothing on Madame Moderne!

They wheel around at sudden PIERCING SOUND OF SIREN, ~~staring~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

BATMAN

The alarm! Someone's transmitting!

ROBIN

(Pointing)

Batman! Look!

THEIR P.O.V.

The black cat sits serenely watching them. The little transistor radio is twinkling and BLEEPING.

BACK TO SHOT

as they move cautiously toward it, trying to corner it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Cat Woman is jumping up and down excitedly ~~xx~~

CAT WOMAN

Loud and clear. Oh, it's coming in perfectly ~~xx~~
now.

The Cat Pack watch her avidly as she rapidly traces on the map. Suddenly the ~~xxxxxx~~ BLEEPING SOUND of the transistor radio stops. They stare at each other, then Cat Woman grabs the radio, shaking it furiously. *cut*

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S STUDY- DAY

~~xxxxxxxxxx~~

Bruce, Dick and Alfred all staring at the cat that is sitting calmly on top of the desk now. The transistor has obviously been turned off.

ALFRED

How appalling, sir. How truly catastrophic.

DICK

Holy, understatement!

Bruce lays his hand heavily on Dick's shoulder.

BRUCE

I'm afraid it's all over for us, Dick.
Our usefulness as crime fighters has ended.

DICK

(reaching for a straw)

But we might have turned the radio off in time. I mean, with the computer making all that noise...?

BRUCE

Even with that it would direct her to the general area.

DICK

But, ~~golly~~ golly, Bruce. That doesn't tell her who we are!

BRUCE

What words are necessary once she's drawn to Wayne Manor?

The straw floats away. They stare at each other grimly, then Bruce's voice rings out.

BRUCE

We're not licked yet, chum. Not by a long shot.

He picks up the cat in ~~his~~ one arm and flicks open Shakespeare's head.

~~BRUCE~~ DICK~~To the batpoles again!~~

You have an idea?

BRUCE

The cat led her to us, didn't it?

DICK

Yeah. But, I don't see --

BRUCE

Then why can't it lead us to her?

DICK

~~Wow~~ Wow! Why didn't I think of that?

They rush toward the batpoles.

~~AKKREB~~

~~xPardon, xixxxx But xwhat xshould xwhere xshould
xI tell xMrs xCasper xyou~~

INT. WAREHOUSE- CLOSE ON MAP

as a pencil circles Wayne Manor.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to feature Cat Woman. She stares down at the map. The members of her Cat Pack are watching her avidly.

CAT WOMAN

I don't believe it. It's too wild.

One of the most murderous looking of the lot, called THE SLASHER, speaks up.

THE SLASHER

Ready, Cat Woman? We move in?

She smiles, folding the map carefully.

CAT WOMAN

Yes, Slasher. We move in.

~~SLASHER~~

Slasher takes a long, thin knife from his belt, spits on it and polishes it ~~against~~ against his sleeve.

SLASHER

Where we goin'?

CAT WOMAN

(kittenishly)

Let it be a surprise. It's more fun that way. Just bring ~~your~~ along your toys.

The Cat Pack reach into pockets extracting their "toys"; a glittering collection of guns, knives, chains, etc.

GO WITH CAT WOMAN

as she ~~xxxxx~~ moves away from the table, her grimy crew of cut-throats following her. She stops suddenly at O.S. SOUND OF TRANSISTER RECEIVING.

HER POV

The little transistor radio is activated again.

BACK TO SHOT

She stares at the radio dumbfounded a moment, then ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~smile~~ a smile of comprehension pretties her features.

CAT WOMAN

Oh, clever! Clever!

AD LIBS FROM CAT PACK

~~Hmx~~ HUH?...WHAT?...HEY, DA TING STARTED AGAIN!....

CAT WOMAN

We don't have to go to them after all. They're coming to us!

As the goons all stare at her stupidly, she throws back her head and laughs.

CAT WOMAN

Let's set up a little cat trap for them,
shall we, boys?

SPIN FRAME TO:

EXT STREET- DAY

as the Batmobile rockets INTO SHOT and brakes to a stop. There is no building in sight except the warehouse in the distance.

CLOSER ON BATMOBILE

Robin is holding the cat. The transister is BUZZING steadily now.

BATMAN

It must that warehouse. We'll get out
here and sneak up on them.

They leap out of the Batmobile. At a gesture of command from Batman, Robin releases the cat and, sure enough, it streaks off in the direction of the warehouse. They take off after it at a run.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

as they race INTO SHOT. Batman stops, his steely eyes scanning the building. ~~A~~ ~~open~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ door stands open.

BATMAN

We'd better scale the wall and come in through
the skylight.

He whips out the Batarang and slings it into the air.

INT. WAREHOUSE

CAMERA PANS the seemingly deserted building. The only sign of life is the solitary figure of the cat entering through the open door and stopping to sniff the air.

ANGLING UP TO SKYLIGHT

as it is opened carefully and Batman and Robin peer down into the room. There is an ominous stillness. Immediately under the skylight we see a catwalk extending across the room and centered under the skylight, a yard or two beneath it, is suspended a large net similar to the ones used by trapeeze artists.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

Scrutinizing the room carefully.

ROBIN

It's empty!

(pointing to the table below)

But look, Batman. There's the receiving end of the cat's radio!

BATMAN

I should never have broken that signal it was sending.

ROBIN

We had to turn it off! It was sending from the Batcave!

BATMAN

Yes. But I underestimated my opponent, chum. When the signal stopped and then started again, she figured out what we were doing.

ROBIN

Tracking a cat.

Batman nods grimly, then pulls himself out of this momentary despair and claps Robin on the shoulder.

BATMAN

~~Well, xxxxxxxx we're xxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxx~~ Alright, buddy. Let's just take her little pet into custody and get back on the trail.

They straighten up and tense to leap onto the catwalk.

~~ANOTX~~

ANGLING FROM CATWALK

as they land on it with precision timing and all hell breaks loose. The board gives way beneath them like a teeter totter, spilling them into the net below.

ANGLING FROM NET

as they land in it and the electronically controlled net whips over and wraps around them, binding them in its folds.

ANOTHER ANGLE

of Batman and Robin struggling wildly, then look ^{up} to the board ~~above~~ above their heads. The underside of the board

features a row of murderous looking knife blades of gigantic proportions. They stare up at this ~~potential guillotine above their heads, then turn to each other~~ ~~display~~

ROBIN

Holy, guillotine!

Batman wrenches violently in the net, looking around the still deserted room.

BATMAN

~~They~~ She must have left someone here to operate it.

ROBIN

What makes you think it needs someone?

BATMAN

It's a balanced ~~board~~ board. It needs someone to lower it.

Robin stares up again, then shouts:

ROBIN

Batman!

Batman ~~follows him~~ swings to look in the indicated direction.

POV

The black cat is moving slowly ~~and~~ across the catwalk, approaching the section where the board is spliced for the teeter totter effect. Its destination would seem to be a small bag that is dangling from the ceiling directly over the bladed section of the board.

BATMAN

~~It's after that bag of catnip!~~
There must be catnip in that bag!

As they both increase their struggles to get out, CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER on the cat as it ~~begin~~ steps onto the spliced section of the board, which begins lowering slightly under its weight.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

Staring as the cat inches further along. Obviously when it reaches it's goal, the board will teeter down upon them, the knives finding their mark. SUPER SUCCESSIVE TITLES EXPLODE:

"WILL BATMAN AND ROBIN BE CARVED IN TWO?"
"WILL CAT WOMAN RUN RAMPANT?"
"IS THEIR GLORIOUS CRUSADE AT AN END?"
"IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."
"OR BETTER YET, TUNE IN TOMORROW NIGHT!"
SAME TIME, SAME CHANNEL!!!

FADE OUT

-END OF PART ONE-

"FASHIONS IN CRIME"PART TWO

FADE IN:

QUICK REPRISE OF PART ONE

SERIES OF FREEZE FRAME SHOTS taken from footage of Part One, each with SUPERED TITLE: They zip along as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (a) "A BLACK CAT" | Standing on the sign of maximum security prison. |
| (b) "RESPONSE FROM A PRISONER!" | Brunette awakening in cell and rushing to barred window. |
| (c) "THE PLAN" | Prisoner taking objects from cat's collar. |
| (d) "THE ESCAPE" | Prisoner slipping skeleton key in lock. |
| (e) "JAILBREAK!!" | Commissioner Gordon km on the hot line. |
| (f) "THE MASKED MARVELS TO THE RESCUE!" | Batmobile zooming down street. |
| (g) "A CLUE" | Batman and Robin puzzling over note. |
| (h) "THE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT" | Batman and Robin in t.v. sound stage. |
| (i) "A PRICELESS SABLE COAT" | Shot of Wardrobe mistress arranging fur on back of sled. |
| (j) "MAN'S BEST FRIENDS" | Two ferocious looking sled dogs waiting for cue. |
| (k) "ACTION! CAMERAS!" | The black cat flashing in front of dogs as they take off after it. |
| (l) "PANDAMONIUM!" | Stagehands and equipment flying in all directions. |
| (m) "The CAT WOMAN!" | Cat Woman on catwalk casting out her fishing pole. |
| (n) "A FISHING EXPEDITION" | Batman reaching out for sable coat as it is hooked and whipped past him. |
| (o) "A FLYING TACKLE" | Batman tackling the mannequin. |
| (p) "A TIP!" | Batman answering the Batphax Batmobile phone. |

- (q) "VIVE LA FRANCE" Madame Moderne kissing Batman.
- (r) NEVER TRUST A WOMAN!" Madame, now revealed as Cat Woman, sending cat to follow Batman & Robin.
- (s) "SPEAK, IRON BRAIN!" Shot of Robin operating giant computer.
- (t) "HOLY, MEOW!!" Black cat with transistor radio in Batcave.
- (u) "EXPOSURE" Cat on desk in study surrounded by Alfred, Bruce and Dick.
- (v) "TRACKING A CAT" Batman and Robin peering down skylight of warehouse at cat below.
- (w) "A CAT TRAP" The teeter totter board in warehouse dumping Batman and Robin into net below.
- (x) "OH, DARKEST HOUR!" Batman and Robin staring up at guillotine over their heads.
- (y) "FOR JUST ONE MINUTE!!!"

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

~~ink~~ INT. WAREHOUSE-ANGLING FROM CAT

half way across the board now, which is teetering dangerously beneath it.

ANGLE FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

~~staring~~~~in~~ Struggling frantically as the knives move inexorably closer.

ROBIN

Killed by a cat! What a way to go!

BATMAN

(clawing at the ropes that bind)
Never say die. Keep fighting.

~~ROBIN~~

~~xCaughtxlikexaxratxinaxtrap!~~

Robin struggles mightily a moment, then sinks back from his exertions, staring numbly at the ever descending knives.

ROBIN

Caught like a rat in a trap!

Batman stops threshing on this remark, staring at Robin, then up at the cat, now within a foot of its destination and their demise.

BATMAN

Not a rat, Robin. ~~Axxxxx~~ A bird!

And instantly inspired, he emits a shrill BIRD WHISTLE.

ANGLING FROM CAT

Responding to the sound. It stops, looks around. The CALL is repeated. The cat stares down at Robin and Batman, the catnip forgotten in this new excitement. The call is repeated, rising in tempo, ~~xThexxxxxxromexxxandxxprings~~ but seeming to come from another direction now. The cat turns, confused.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

Robin ~~has~~ is tearing at the net with renewed energy.

ROBIN

Can you pitch your voice so it comes from behind it?

Obviously Batman is familiar with the tricks of ventriloquism, for the BIRD CALLS sound from another source now. Robin takes the net in his teeth and bites at it savagely.

ANGLING FROM CAT

O.S. is SOUND OF BIRD CALLS coming from one direction. Cautiously the cat begins backing down the board in the direction from which it started and we see the board begin to level once again.

SPIN FRAME TO

INT. TV STUDIO- A NEWSCASTER - NIGHT

Excitedly describing the terrifying events of the afternoon. On PROJECTION SCREEN behind him and to his side are STILL PHOTOS of Batman and the Boy Wonder.

NEWSCASTER

Although Batman and Boy Wonder arrived on the scene, they were unable to stop the theft of matched sables reputed to be worth upwards of a quarter of a million dollars.

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Bruce, Dick and Alfred are grimly watching the same broadcast.

NEWSCASTER

Police Commissioner Gordon reports that no word has been heard from Batman and his young aide since late this afternoon.

BRUCE

I've heard enough, Dick.

Instantly Dick rises and moves to turn off the set.

THE COMMISSIONER

NEWSCASTER

~~He~~ stated that ~~every~~ every two or three minutes since their disappearance he has tried the hot line, but is beginning to fear that ~~he~~ ^{BATMAN} and the Boy Wonder met with foul -

CLICK, as Dick turns off the set and it goes dark.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ALFRED

Sir, far be it from me to give you advice, but I shouldn't I answer the Bat Phone, ~~and~~ and put the Commissioner's mind at ease?

BRUCE

I'm afraid that would be a tactical mistake, Alfred.

DICK

But, golly, Bruce. He must be climbing the walls.

ALFRED

Perhaps, sir, if I could just reassure him that you and Young Master are still alive...?

Bruce looks from one to the other, then rises and moves over to a blackboard often employed by him when he demonstrates a complicated mathematical problem to Dick. He ~~picks~~ picks up the eraser.

BRUCE

All right, dear friends, let me try and illustrate. All right to erase these math problems, Dick?

DICK

Yeah, Bruce. I understand the principal now.

Quickly Bruce erases the board, speaking as he does so.

BRUCE

That is the question.

ALFRED

To which there is no answer, sir, if I may presume to say. It's a well known fact that Bat, - I mean "B", not only doesn't carry a gun, but would certainly never harm a woman.

Aunt Harriet unexpectedly is heard:

AUNT HARRIET (O.S.)

A lady to see Mr. Wayne.

The three men whirl around at this intrusion. Quickly, but with impressive casualness, Bruce erases the writing on the blackboard. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Aunt Harriet in the open doorway.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
I'm not expecting anyone, Aunt Harriet.

AUNT HARRIET
I'm sorry, ~~she~~. She says it's urgent.

Bruce
BRUCE
Very well. Show her in, please.

As Aunt Harriet leaves, he muses aloud.

BRUCE
(cont'd)
I wonder who it could be?

DICK
(waggishly)
Maybe it's some dumb girl wanting to read
you a poem she wrote.

BRUCE
Poetry has been called the language of
the gods, young man.

DICK
You're right. That wasn't very nice of me.

BRUCE
Don't fret about it. It's an acquired taste.

His forgiving smile wipes at sight of MADAME MODERNE in the open doorway clutching a large box under her arm. SUPERIMPOSE AN EXPLODING TITLE:

"CAREFUL, BATMAN! YOU MET THIS WOMAN
AS BATMAN, NOT AS BRUCE WAYNE. DON'T
GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!"

BACK TO SHOT

For the briefest second Bruce's surprise almost betrays him, then he recovers and his expression is one of politely chilled non-recognition.

BRUCE
You wish to see me?

MADAME
"Ave I zee pleasure of speaking wiz
zee millionaire Bruce Wayne?

BRUCE
You do.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

MADAME

Ziz box was deliver to me zhust little time ago wiz zis note.

(reading)

"A present for you if you bring Bruce Wayne to my party zis evening." It's signed: "A sort of girlfriend." I not comprehend zee meaning.

Bruce and Dick exchange a quick glance, then Bruce casually takes the note from her and glances at it. As Dick moves close he takes the opportunity to whisper to him.

BRUCE

(whisper)

Go along with it. She doesn't know we've met her.

As Dick nods conspiratorily and pretends to be studying the note with Bruce, SUPERIMPOSE A TITLE:

"THAT ISN'T ALL YOU DON'T KNOW BATMAN AND BOY WONDER! DANGER! DANGER! THIS FLAKEY FRENCHIE IS REALLY CAT WOMAN!"

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Bruce casually pockets the note. Inthe background we see that Alfred is busying himself with domestic chores, but tuned in on the proceedings.

BRUCE

To whom do I have the pleasure of speaking?

MADAME

(waving formalities aside)

Please, m'sieur. What does zee note mean?

BRUCE

What do you make of it, Dick?

DICK

It's signed "a sort of girlfriend", huh? Well...

He hesitates and in the look these heroes exchange we realize they are cautioning each other not to indulge in too dazzling a display of mental gymnastics for fear of exposing their identities to this stranger (sic).

DICK

(cont'd)

Just off the top, I'd say a "sort of girlfriend" is not really, you know? Not a steady or anything like that.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Or one not committed. Not complete. Limited, you might say.

DICK

Yeah. I guess so.

BRUCE

What else comes to mind?

DICK

Well, let's see. A synonym for "friend" might be a pal, a buddy, a playmate. A limited playmate?

MADAME

(helpfully)

Zere is a fashion house called "Playmate, Limited." Oui?

Dick in his enthusiasm, speaks out before Bruce can stop him.

DICK

Bruce! "Playmate, Limited" used to be a front for some Cat Woman crimes before she got locked—

He breaks off as Bruce lays a firm, seemingly casual hand on his shoulder.

MADAME

I don't know about zat. I zhust know zat Playmate, Limited is in zee basement of zee new "PUZZYCAT CLUB".

We can tell by Bruce's expression that he knows ALL now, but he is forced to play it cool.

BRUCE

Hmmm. Interesting. Seems to me I read someplace that the club's opening tonight.

(significantly to Dick)

A very posh affair where the rich will be out in full splendor.

Their eyes lock, thoughts conveyed, then Dick turns casually to Madame.

DICK

Golly, I wonder what's in the box. Should we take a look?

As she moves to deposit the box on the couch to open it, Bruce and Dick wait tensely, KNOWING what it will contain. They nod to each other in confirmation of their worst fears. Madame straightens, staring at them.

(CONTINUED)

MADAME

Zee sable coat! Zhust like zee one stolen
zis afternoon! I no understand.

(pretending to get it)

Oh! Zee thief return it if Bruce Wayne
escort me to zee Puzzycat Club!

Bruce's mind is working a mile a minute. He knows now what he must do.
Taking command of the situation, he smiles innocently at Madame.

BRUCE

My young ward and I have a terribly
pressing engagement for this evening, other-
wise I would be privileged to escort you.

MADAME

(wildly protesting)

But zee sable!!!!

BRUCE

May I suggest, however, that you allow
Alfred to escort you and I will make
every attempt to join you before
the evening is over.

(to Alfred)

All right with you, old man?

The Madame follows his gaze, then turns back to him mouth agape.
Let's note in her outburst of snobbishness she overlooks her accent!

MADAME

The BUTLER!

BRUCE

(with chilling politeness)

I like to think of Alfred as a friend.

Alfred, having paused in his dusting, is deeply moved by this
testimonial.

BRUCE (con't)

And in a spirit of democracy, I must add
that, in these great United States, we
regard all men as equal.

So ringing is his voice, so sincere and red, white and blue
that even Cat Woman in her perfidious disguise as a French
woman, is humbled; even this creature has the grace to look
shamefaced for one brief moment. Bruce, lecture ended, smiles
charmingly now, taking the coat from the box and placing it
over Madame's shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

I can promise you I will be at the Pussycat Club before this night is over.

(hurriedly now)

Come, Dick. We're late.

He and Dick hurry from the room. As Alfred moves toward the Madame, offering his arm, CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER ON HER. Behind the hornrim glasses we see the ominous narrowing of her cat eyes. SUPERIMPOSE EXPLODING TITLES:

"WAIT! BATMAN, ROBIN, PLEASE WAIT!
IT'S A TRAP! BEWARE OF PUSSYCATS!"

EXT. NEON SIGN - NIGHT

Our fears are realized as we see it is labeled "PUSSYCAT CLUB". Under the sign pass NUMEROUS MEN AND WOMEN dressed in evening clothes.

INT. PUSSYCAT CLUB - NIGHT

Impressions greet us before any one distinguishing feature: First the noise, the BIG BEAT of the band; then the glitter, the blinding glitter of countless diamonds sparkling from necks, arms, fingers; our senses reel with the feeling of dazzle and decadence ~~and sex. For, yes, there is sex.~~ For a stunned moment we think we are in the midst of a Playboy Club as we see countless girls undulate past camera dressed in what appear to be bunny outfits, with short, switching ruffled skirts ~~and bodies cat to the limit of Dorothy Dandridge's intelligence.~~ But as CAMERA FEATURES one or two as they pass with long cat tails lashing behind them, we note that they all wear little eye masks and little pert cat ears, clueing us that they are not "bunnies", but "pussycats". Is it coincidence, we wonder, that they are all dressed in the exact same costume worn by Cat Woman?!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALFRED AND MADAME MODERN

Sitting across from each other at a small table. Madame is huddled up in her sable, looking on with great moral disapproval. At the moment a PUSSYCAT waitress is bending over the table to serve their drinks, ~~offering a view and a proximity that is~~ all but unnerving Alfred. One startled glance and he lowers his eyes to the table cloth and keeps them riveted there until the Pussycat departs.

MADAME

Zees American women! Shocking!

Emboldened now, Alfred is staring at the switching tail of the departing Pussycat. Her remark jerks him out of his reverie and he turns back, murmuring dutifully.

ALFRED

Shocking.

ANGLE AT DOOR

as Batman and Robin burst in. One look at this den of inequity stops Batman cold. He grasps Robin's arm.

BATMAN

Great heavens, Robin! This is no place for you!

ROBIN

Holy, litter! How many Cat Women are there anyway?

In any event, it is too late, for customers and pussycats have spotted our crime busters and are crowding around, squealing with excitement. In the b.g. we see a FEW WOMEN faint.

AD LIBS

"EEEEK! IT'S BATMAN!"..."OH, I MUST BE DREAMING..."
 "AAAAHHHH!!!"..."OOOOHHHH..." "JIMMINEE, BOY
 WONDER IS SOOO CEEUTE!"..."HEAVEN BE PRAISED.
 THEY'RE ALIVE!"

A PUSSYCAT HOSTESS, bolder than the rest, pushes impudently through the crowd, stopping in front of Batman, feet wide spread, hands on hips. She looks up at him flirtatiously.

PUSSYCAT HOSTESS

Looking for a playmate, Batman?

Batman reaches out swiftly, lifting her mask to her forehead. He looks deeply into her startled blue eyes until assured that this is not the golden eyed feline. His tone now is a mixture of paternalism and contempt.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

What is a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?

And with that crusher, he walks off, his trusty aide falling into step beside him.

ANGLING FROM ALFRED AND MADAME MODERNE

watching Batman and Robin move through the crowd toward them. Several times it is necessary for Batman to gently shove aside his admirers and exchange badinage with them.

MALE ADMIRER

You think Cat Woman is here, Batman?

BATMAN

It's possible one of these ^{kitties} ~~queasies~~ is a full grown cat.

He pushes on, leaving his admirer doubled up with laughter at this witticism.

ELDERLY DOWAGER

Oh, your mother must be so proud of you!

BATMAN

God rest her soul.

ELDERLY DOWAGER

Oh, and look at that little boy wonder!

BATMAN

He's aging rapidly, madam. Excuse me, please.

And he pushes on.

MADAME MODERNE

(rising)

Excuse, M'sieur ~~Butler~~. Zee powder room.

and she takes off rapidly before Batman and Robin have cleared the last of the throng of admirers.

MAITRE DE

Table for you ~~and your young aide~~, Batman?

BATMAN

No, thank you. Business before pleasure.

The maitre de chuckles at this fast repartee and moves off.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

as they spot Alfred alone at the table and, with elaborate casualness move to the bar near his table, needless to say giving no sign of recognition. Alfred watches them as they stand, backed up to the bar looking over the crowd with steely eyes. Alfred clears his throat and turns to address them.

ALFRED

Terribly presumptuous of me, I'm sure,
but would you be kind enough to autograph
this napkin for my dear old Aunt Harriet?

Batman and Robin move forward lackadaisically. As Batman bends to sign the napkin, he whispers.

BATMAN

Cleverly done, Alfred.

ALFRED

(whisper)

Thank you, sir. I tried to be discreet.

BATMAN

(whisper)

Where's the French woman?

ALFRED

(whisper)

She's a dummy, sir.

As Batman looks baffled, Alfred indicates with a jerk of his head.

P.O.V.

Madame Modern is approaching the door marked "LADIES ROOM". Beside it is another door labeled "MODELS' DRESSING ROOM". She hesitates briefly, then heads for the Models' dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

as she enters. She looks around the deserted room, then turns and locks the door behind her. Quickly now she rips off her blonde wig, her glasses as she hurries over to a soiled towels basket. She drops them into the bottom of the basket, then removes her sable coat and her sack dress and drops them in. Cunningly she covers them up with soiled towels and turns to exit, revealed once more as Cat Woman! At the door she pauses to check the contents of her ~~waist~~ belt hidden under the ruffles of her skirt, slip on her eye mask, and then unlocks the door.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN - AT BAR

Grim, taciturn as they study each pussycat who moves past.

ROBIN

They all look alike!

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

Don't be fooled. Behind one of those masks
is Cat Woman.

ROBIN

Yeah, but Holy Halloween!

MOVING WITH CAT WOMAN

As first we are not sure it is she, but as CAMERA PANS her to coat check room, she pauses outside the counter. Behind her we see another similarly dressed PUSSYCAT CHECKGIRL at the counter and in the b.g. a long row of expensive fur coats and stoles on hangers.

CLOSE ON CAT WOMAN

As she looks off at the coats ~~and~~ we see the evil glow of her strange eyes, then she reaches under the ruffle of her skirt. Now we are sure! Her fingers dip into a pocket of her belt and she extracts a magnet.

WIDER ANGLE

She reaches her arms skyward in a sort of luxurious stretch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Behind the counter ~~we~~ where we see the floor under the hangers of coats slide soundlessly open. With mounting horror we begin to see the opening salvo of her master crime. The metal hangers holding the coats are bending, causing the furs to slip from them and drop through the floor opening.

INT. BASEMENT- ANGLING UP

Right under the floor opening stand CAT PACK TOUGHS seen previously. Gleefully they ~~wa~~ catch the loot as the furs fall from above.

ANOTHER ANGLE

While this is going on, CAMERA PANS from the Cat Pack to identify this basement room for our viewers. We see a sign that reads: "PLAYMATE, LIMITED", and some giant sized equipment: a giant sewing machine, a six foot pair of scissors, a few thimbles as large as the Liberty Bell, etc. All of this equipment looks like its normal counterpart, exaggerated in ~~size~~ size.

CLOSE ON CAT PACK- ANGLING UP

as they catch the last of the coats and the floor begins to slide closed.

IN COAT CHECK ROOM - LOW ANGLE

as the floor closes completely. Now CAMERA ANGLES UP to reveal the coat rack. Only a few cloth coats remain hanging from the rack.

FEATURE CAT WOMAN

as she lowers her arms, slipping her magnet back in her ~~utility~~ belt, then yawns and smiles at the Pussycat Checkgirl.

CAT WOMAN

Big night ahead of us, huh?
Hope I can stay awake.

and she moves off, circulating among the customers.

SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

also circulating through the crowd, alert for anything unusual.

SHOT - CAT WOMAN

as she takes a tray filled with drinks from a passing pussycat.

CAT WOMAN

Here, let me serve this table,
honey.

The girl looks at her closely, then to the table beside them where a foursome sits. The TWO WOMEN at the table are glittering with diamonds. The PUSSYCAT COHORT smiles and passes Cat Woman the tray. It is worse than we feared! Cat Woman has accomplices upstairs as well!

ANGLE FROM TABLE

as Cat Woman bends and reaches to serve the drinks, ~~memorizing the two~~
~~MEN CUSTOMERS at the table by the magnificent view she affords them.~~ She speaks in a low, purring voice as she serves, a voice that casts a spell of its own however dull the words. We note she has placed the tray on the table and is serving with one hand, the other unengaged at the moment.

CAT WOMAN

Scotch and soda for this gentleman
and a martini for the lady.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER on Cat Woman now and we see her free hand reach into her ~~utility~~ belt, ~~EXTRACTING A SMALL MAGNET.~~

~~VERY TIGHT ON UTILITY BELT~~

She is reaching into a pocket labeled "JEWEL MAGNET".

BACK TO SHOT

With her right hand she is placing the martini in front of the bejeweled woman. Her left hovers at the back of the woman's neck.

CLOSE SHOT - BACK OF NECK

The clasp of the diamond necklace comes undone!

CLOSE SHOT - CANDLESTICK

The false bottom of the candlestick slides open and we hear a SOUND LIKE A GREAT INTAKE OF BREATH. So fast now that only the glitter blurs before our eyes, we see the necklace sucked into the candlestick, then, even as the candlestick slides closed, over the SOUND OF THE BAND, we hear a GULPING SOUND.

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSE ON FLOOR

Where a large area is covered with cotton batting. Into it plops a diamond necklace. A member of the CAT PACK, with a CHORTLE, bends INTO SHOT, picking it up.

PUSSYCAT CLUB - AT TABLE AS BEFORE - FEATURING BEJEWELED WOMAN

No longer bejeweled.. Not only her necklace, but her bracelets have disappeared. Cat Woman is now placing a drink in front of the other sparkling woman, her free hand delicately moving to the back of that good woman's neck, murmuring throatily as she does so:

CAT WOMAN

And the Daiqueri was for this lovely
woman, and I believe the bourbon
and water was -

Again the SOUNDS of SUCKING and GULPING.

ANOTHER TABLE

where we see SEVERAL BEJEWELED WOMEN sitting with their escorts. Cat Woman MOVES INTO SHOT, once again taking a tray from a PUSSYCAT WAITRESS and doing the honors herself.

INTERCUT:

EXTREME LOW ANGLE SHOT - UP AT CEILING

A chandelier suspended from the ceiling lowers slightly until it hangs closer to the table. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER on chandelier and we see various fixtures on it slide open soundlessly to reveal false bottoms. That sound again of WIND MACHINE and suddenly sparkling objects zip upwards and disappear from view. GULPING SOUNDS over beat of music.

ANOTHER ANGLE AT TABLE

The ladies with drinks sparkle no more. Cat Woman continues to serve.

LOW ANGLE - TABLE LEG

The leg moves slightly, an opening appears, and several jewels flash into the opening with appropriate SOUNDS.

CLOSE SHOT - ARM OF CHAIR

A braceleted arm rests on the chair arm. Suddenly the bracelet seems to writhe off the wrist and disappears. SOUND EFFECT.

SHOT - PICTURE ON WALL

A woman, wearing a diamond tiara stops in front of the picture and pauses to powder her nose. Motion of picture. Opening. Blur. Flash. Gulp. The woman snaps her compact shut and moves on, needless to say minus her tiara.

IN BASEMENT

The cat pack, on hands and knees in a semi circle around the opening of the dumb waiter are leering at the mountain of sparkling loot that is tumbling into their midst.

UPSTAIRS - FAVORING BATMAN AND ROBIN

Walking through the gathering heading back in the direction of the bar. Batman stops suddenly at RATTILING SOUND overhead, looking up. Then his attention is diverted by GULPING SOUND behind him. Now distracted by WIND SOUND to the other side.

ROBIN

What's the matter, Batman?

BATMAN

Do you hear something?

Robin listens intently. The "MUSIC" is almost deafening.

ROBIN

I hear music.

BATMAN

Listen closely.

ANGLING FROM CAT WOMAN

Alerted suddenly as she sees both Batman and Robin standing with a hand cupped over an ear, intently listening. She instantly drops the tray she is carrying, with deafening CLATTER of crockery and glasses.

FAVORING ROBIN AND BATMAN

Robin is concentrating so hard he doesn't even turn to the source of the sound.

ROBIN

Yeah, gee I do, Batman. A sound of something breaking.

BATMAN

That isn't what I meant. But never mind. Must be something in the air-conditioning.

ON CAT WOMAN

Watching them anxiously as they once again stand backed up to the bar looking over the room. Leaving the spilled food and drinks where it fell, she hurries over to the bar, **CAMERA PANNING**. She moves to within earshot of them, eavesdropping while pretending to be waiting for her order to be filled.

BATMAN

Something's wrong, Robin. Something's very wrong.

ROBIN

Like what, Batman?

BATMAN

I don't know. I can't seem to put my finger on it.

ROBIN

~~I learned to respect your instincts,~~
let's try and pin it down. Is it something you heard?

BATMAN

I don't know.

ROBIN

Saw? Smelled? Felt?

BATMAN

That's it. It's a feeling.

ROBIN

I'm with you, Batman! Go on!

BATMAN

A feeling that - somehow - in some mysterious way the sparkle seems to have gone out of the room.

He looks around through narrowed, speculative eyes. Robin does the same.

POV

CAMERA PANS the various tables where unadorned ladies sit with their escorts. Indeed there is no sparkle left anywhere.

BACK TO SHOT

ROBIN

Golly, I feel it too!

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

Robin's eyes come to rest on the table where Alfred is sitting alone, sneaking furtive looks at Pussycats as they drift past his table. He grips Batman's arm excitedly.

ROBIN

Batman! The French woman never came back to the table.

As Batman swings to look, Cat Woman inches closer to them.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Neither did a quarter of a million in sables!

BATMAN

(sharply)

I am concerned with a human life!

ROBIN

You're right. I'm sorry. That was a terrible thing for me to say.

BATMAN

You didn't mean it. I know that.

ROBIN

(starting off)

I'll go look.

Batman grabs his arm.

BATMAN

I hardly think the models' dressing room is the place for Boy Wonder to be!

Robin blushes furiously.

ROBIN

Gee! What's the matter with me anyhow?

Batman turns urgently now, spotting Cat Woman standing a few yards away.

BATMAN

Miss, would you do us a favor?

Louder, as she doesn't seem to hear?

BATMAN (cont'd)

Miss Pussycat?

She looks up with a show of surprise as Batman steps closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

There was a blonde woman with hornrim glasses who went into the models' dressing room sometime ago. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to see if she's still in there?

His proximity seems to have a magnetic effect on Cat Woman. Hate him she might, but she is irresistably drawn to him. For a moment she can make no response, except for a faint purring SOUND.

BATMAN

I beg your pardon, did you say something?

Still looking at him, she shakes her head slowly.

BATMAN

It's rather important, Miss. I'd appreciate it if you'd hurry.

CAT WOMAN

(in that silky voice)

Okay, Batman.

And with a last lingering look, she turns and moves off. HOLD on Batman staring after her, disturbed, instincts alerted, alarm bells ringing.

BATMAN

Did you notice anything about that girl, Robin?

ROBIN

No. But then I've been trying not to look at any of them more than absolutely necessary.

BATMAN

(to himself)

What is it about her that disturbs me?

CLOSE ON DOOR OF MODELS' DRESSING ROOM

as it is swung open by Cat Woman and she disappears inside.

INT. MODELS' DRESSING ROOM

as she enters, ripping off her mask as she rushes to the towel container. She flings the towels right and left as she pulls out the sable coat, the wig and glasses.

ON BATMAN AND ROBIN

Batman is still pondering, assisted by the lightening quick questions Robin is firing at him.

ROBIN

Anything about her clothes that disturbs you?

(as Batman shakes his head negatively)

Her walk? Her smile? Her voice? Something she said?

BATMAN

Her eyes. It was her eyes.

ROBIN

How could you even see them behind the mask? I mean all you can see is the pupils.

BATMAN

That's it, Robin! The pupils! They weren't round. They were....They were - !

They stare at each other. No more need be said. As one they stride forward as Batman calls authoratively.

BATMAN

Clear a path!

GO WITH THEM

as they push through the crowd and stop at the door of the Models' Dressing Room. Batman reaches out for the doorknob, then checks himself. Dedicated crime fighter as he may be, he is still a gentleman.

BATMAN

(a shout)

Come out, Cat Woman. I know you're in there!

Silence. He waits. Then his jaw sets and he places his hand on the door knob, calling one last warning.

BATMAN

Cover yourselves, ladies. At the count of three a man is entering! ONE! TWO!

(a long beat, then ringingly)

THREE!

He flings open the door, to find himself standing face to face with Madame Moderne. She stares at him in simulated outrage.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

MADAME

I expect zee American men to be wolf,
but zis eees too much.

And with that she SLAPS him across the face and strides past him. HOLD on Batman and Robin staring after her, then turn to look into the partially opened door of the dressing room.

BATMAN

(almost timidly)

Is anybody in there?....Hello?

ANGLING FROM ALFRED

looking up at Madame rushes up to the table. She drops a note in front of him.

MADAME

Give zis to Bruce Wayne.

And she zips OUT OF SHOT, leaving a startled Alfred. He looks after her, then seeing Batman and Robin rushing out of the dressing room and looking around searchingly, he rises and casually strolls toward them. He calls out as he approaches to get their attention.

ALFRED

Batman! Young Master Boy Wonder,
sirs!

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

seeing him approach and separating themselves from the crowd. Wily Alfred speaks loudly for the benefit of any who might overhear.

ALFRED

If I may presume upon your good
graces one more time? A charming
French woman would like your autograph
for her friend, Mr. Bruce Wayne.

Equally wily, Batman gives him the only response that could inform Alfred his cleverly conveyed information has been received.

BATMAN

Roger!

Batman takes the note, signs it with a flourish, palms it and pretends to return it to Alfred. Equal to the occasion, Alfred makes a great pretense of putting the note in his picket.

ALFRED

Perhaps some day I'll have the honor
of being of service to you.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

(with a twinkle)

Perhaps some day you will, my friend.

So cleverly has this lightly meaningful bandinage been exchanged, that no one present could possibly suspect their relationship. As Alfred moves off, Batman moves with Robin to an isolated corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they turn their backs to the room and Batman opens the note.

BATMAN

It reads: "I'll find my own stupid way out of here." It's signed "Madame C.W."

ROBIN

Madame C.W.?

(and again)

Madame C.W.

(now he gets it)

Holy French cat!

BATMAN

(grimly)

Madame Moderne is Cat Woman!

This astounding thought ripples and they consider and absorb it a moment.

ROBIN

But what does the note mean? What COULD it mean? She'll find her own stupid way out? What is that?

BATMAN

Stupid. Ignorant. Dumb.

ROBIN

Dumb way.

And instantly, ZAP!! They have it!

ROBIN and BATMAN

(simultaneously)

Dumb Waiter!

Batman whirls around, reaching out to detain a MALE WAITER as he passes them with a tray of drinks.

BATMAN

Lead me to the dumb waiter!

The startled, uncomprehending waiter can only stare.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

MALE WAITER

What? Who?

All further speculation is cut off by O.S. SCREAMS and commotion. Batman and Robin swing around.

NEAR COAT CHECK COUNTER

SEVERAL WOMEN crowd around the counter, CRYING, SCREAMING, YELLING. A tearful PUSSYCAT CHECKGIRL is wringing her hands.

PUSSYCAT CHECKGIRL

I don't know, I tell you. I don't know what happened to the coats.

ELDERLY DOWAGER

(grasping her neck)

My diamond necklace - ! It's gone!

(wildly screaming)

HELP. I've been robbed. Thief! Police!

Other women stare, then reach to their own necks, feel and stare at their arms. And suddenly the air is rent with SCREAMS.

AD LIBS

"HELP!" "MY PEARLS"... "MY DIAMOND BRACELET!"... "MY RUBY NECKLACE IS MISSING!"... "MY EMERALD PIN!"... "MY SAPPHIRE BROOCH!" etc.

And over and through it all we hear individual voices yelling?

AD LIBS

BATMAN! BATMAN! HELP, BATMAN!

ANGLE FROM DUMB WAITER - so labeled

as Batman and Robin rush up, pause to read the sign and observe the large opening that obviously leads to the basement.

ROBIN

Playmate, Limited used to be downstairs. Cat Woman's old stamping ground. But I thought they'd closed it after she was put in jail.

Batman swings to address a passing PUSSYCAT HOSTESS.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

(with urgency)

What's in the basement of this building?

PUSSYCAT HOSTESS

Just storage for some funny looking machinery left over from the last World's Fair exhibit of Playmate, Limited.

Robin bends to pick up some objects on the floor outside the dumbwaiter.

ROBIN

Batman! Look at this!

He holds up the objects. A blonde wig and a pair of hornrim glasses! Without further ado, Batman hoists himself into the opening of the dumb waiter.

INT. CYLINDRICAL SHAFT - SPECIAL EFFECT

SHARPLY ANGLED SHOT to give effect of Batman sliding down chute.

BATMAN'S POV

A full, terrifying panoramic view as he hurtles downward and we see opening out before him his awaiting fate. He is sliding directly into the path of giant scissors which are electronically OPENING and CLOSING and will surely cut him in two!

INT. BASEMENT - LOW ANGLE AT BOTTOM OF DUMB WAITER

Batman zooming directly into the path of the closing scissors. Suddenly he wrenches his body sideways and propels himself off the chute.

CLOSE ON SCISSORS

as they grind closed, catching part of his cape in the blades and cutting it with surgeon's precision.

ON BATMAN

as he hits the floor and rolls, the momentum of his exertion rolling him directly into the path of the giant sewing machine with its mammoth needle zooming up and down.

CLOSE ON SEWING MACHINE - LOW ANGLE

Stitching away rapidly with a dagger sized needle. Batman is rolling right into it! The final roll of his body brings Batman to a stop staring at the needle a bare two inches from his face. He springs to his feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he whirls to face his assassins. But fresh horrors! In the whirling, the remainder of his cape flows out behind him and is pierced by the needle. STITCH. STITCH. STITCH. The cape is being sewed to the very floor. Batman turns, tugging at the cape with both hands in an effort to wrench it free. Again he whirls and stares upward at unmistakeable SOUND of someone sliding down the dumb waiter. Heaven help us! Surely it's the Boy Wonder sliding into eternity!

BATMAN'S POV

The scissors opening and closing in synchronized readiness. The terrible members of the CAT PACK grinning in anticipation. Cat Woman perched on the large sign that says "PLAYMATE, LIMITED" in a pose reminiscent of Helen Morgan on her piano.

WIDER ANGLE - FEATURING BATMAN

Savagely he tears the cape from his neck and grabs his batrope from the Utility Belt. SWISH! as he flings it upwards, connecting it to a heavy beam above.

INT. CYLINDRICAL SHAFT

Robin sliding downward, his eyes widened in horror. And with good reason.

ROBIN'S POV

The scissors in readiness to receive him, opening and closing, opening and closing. A flash of Batman flying through the air on his Batrope.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - BATMAN

Swinging toward a giant thimble suspended from the ceiling. As he flies past he grasps the thimble between his feet and flies onward.

ANGLING UP FROM BOTTOM OF CHUTE

as Robin comes into view, his hands covering his eyes, obviously unable to bear the sight of his own demise.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Batman flies over the scissors and drops the thimble. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to watch this incredible feat as the thimble drops over the blades of the opening scissors, rendering them useless. At that precise instant Robin slides past, landing in the cotton batting - !

VARIOUS ANGLES

As together, side by side, Batman and the Boy Wonder fight for their lives. From all sides the members of the Cat Pack close in on them. There's a great deal of body crunch in these action packed moments; body crunching, tooth rattling, bone breaking, you name it. Throughout it all Cat Woman remains perched on her signpost, both coach and cheerleader to these proceedings, calling out instructions from time to time as appropriate:

CAT WOMAN AD LIBS
 "BACK THEM INTO THE SEWING MACHINE!"
 "...KILL, CAT PACK, KILL!"...CONCENTRATE
 ON THE KID!" "HIT 'EM BELOW THE BELT!"...
 "COME ON, YOU SISSIES, LET'S SEE SOME
 ACTION!"

But the thrill of this spectator sport wears thin as more and more members of the Cat Pack are knocked out and she scrambles down from the sign,

CAT WOMAN
 We're getting the worst of it. Let's
 get outta here!

ANGLING FROM CAT WOMAN

as she grabs a sackfull of loot and leads the exodus up the ladders to the balcony above. The Cat Pack, each with armfuls of stolen goods, quickly follow the leader.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

Robin starts to follow, but turns back as Batman speaks in a low, urgent voice.

BATMAN
 Hold it, chum.

ROBIN
 But these fiends are escaping!

Batman seizes an object from his Utility Belt. With the ghost of a smile he points the object to the balcony.

BATMAN
 We're hot on their trail.

Instantly we understand his ironic humor, for the object turns out to be a flame thrower, which white heat he is directing at the steel supports holding up the balcony.

CLOSE ON SECTION OF BALCONY

as the steel disintegrates and the balcony begins to shudder and tremble.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Batman directs the flame to the opposite side of the balcony. Cat Woman and the entire Cat Pack are now on the balcony, rushing toward a window directly over the giant sewing machine.

ANGLING FROM BALCONY

as it collapses and bodies hurtle downward.

CLOSE SHOT - SEWING MACHINE

Stitching up and down aimlessly.

SHOT - BATMAN

Leaping forward to catch Cat Woman as she plunges downward.

HIGH ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN ON SEWING MACHINE

as the Cat Pack fall onto the machine.

ANGLE ON BATMAN

turning away from Cat Woman as the sound of sewing machine is drowned out by BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS. ~~RAMXWXXMXRAT~~
CAMERA IS CLOSE ON BATMAN as he runs in the direction of the machine. The screaming stops abruptly and once again we hear the MACHINE, but it is no longer an aimless sound. It is obviously stitching the Cat Pack into oblivion. Then the sewing machine resumes its aimless previous SOUND.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS

and now this grisly business is ended, we see the machine again. It looks the same as before. There is not a trace of the Cat Pack! Batman plunges forward to turn off the machine. Robin races INTO SHOT beside him.

ROBIN

Holy stitch in time!

BATMAN

At least we know we tried to save them.

CAT WOMAN

So long, sucker!

And with that ingratitude, she springs onto the now quiet sewing machine and starts climbing up it, headed for the window above. Batman reaches out for the control switch.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

About to turn it on, he hesitates, examining his conscience. Can he do this to a woman? ANGLE INCLUDES ROBIN now who is watching him breathlessly. A long, meaningful moment as they both realize they cannot.

ANGLING FROM CAT WOMAN

at the top of the machine now, within reach of the open window, she makes the fatal mistake of turning back to taunt him.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

CAT WOMAN

I counted on your famous chivalry,
baby doll.

(and she has the audacity to
blow him a kiss)

Bye, bye Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson.
Enjoy your headlines.

ANGLE FROM BATMAN AND ROBIN

That did it! He turns on the switch and we hear SOUND of aimless
STITCHING.

MOVING WITH CAT WOMAN

as she is being vibrated down the machinery, struggling wildly, SCREAMING
HYSTERICALLY, with clear intent to go not gently into that good night.

ANGLING FROM BATMAN

He whips a rug from the floor and rushes to the front of the machine where
Cat Woman is descending. With one hand he reaches out, just in the nick
of time!, and peels her from the machine. With the other, he quickly
wraps the rug around her as she claws, scratches, kicks, etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he eases the rug bearing Cat Woman toward the giant needle aimlessly
sewing.

ANGLING FROM ROBIN

even the Boy Wonder is shaken to his foundations. He can only stare at
his hero in open mouthed disbelief and horror.

LOW ANGLE ON MACHINE

as the needle moves up and down, stitching a narrow hem in the rug as
Batman feeds it through carefully.

NEW ANGLE

as Boy Wonder grins at him admiringly, Batman slings the Cat Woman,
neatly stitched into the rug, onto his shoulder and starts for the door.

UPSTAIRS - NEAR COAT CHECK COUNTER

COMMISSIONER GORDON and O'HARA stand surrounded by the still hysterical
robbed patrons. No single voice is distinguishable over the general
BEDLAM, but from his gestures it is apparent Gordon is trying to quiet
people down. Now as Batman, carrying the rug, and Boy Wonder push into
the inner circle, a great quiet falls over all.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

All stolen property has been recovered.

Instant BEDLAM.

AD LIBS

"OH, YOU WONDERFUL MAN!"...
 "THANK HEAVEN FOR BATMAN AND BOY
 WONDER!" ... "I LOVE YOU, I LOVE
 YOU!", etc.

During this Batman has gently lowered his burden to the floor. In an almost Christlike way, he now raises his hands as though in benediction and the people fall silent once again.

BATMAN

The Cat Pack, God rest their souls,
 must account to higher authorities
 than we. As for Cat Woman, the
 Princess of Plunder, -
 (a faint smile)
 - a small gift for Caesar.

And with that he and Robin unroll the rug, rolling the disheveled lady in question right to the feet of Commissioner Gordon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as POLICE charge forward, slapping handcuffs on the clawing, struggling prisoner.

BATMAN

You'll find the ill gotten gains in
 the basement.

He nods, smiles and he and Boy Wonder turn to leave.

ANGLING FROM CAT WOMAN

CAT WOMAN

Batman!

as he turns back.

CAT WOMAN

I'll give you exactly one hour to
 set me free! One hour, buddy!
 And then I hold a press conference!

Her meaning is clear. He and Boy Wonder look at each other, then up at the clock.

CLOSE ON CLOCK

The time is eleven o'clock. And over the loud TICK, TICK, TOCK of the stately clock, we

FADE OUT

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. BATCAVE

Where we see Batman and Robin working frantically with atomic pile and chemistry and computers, etc. From time to time they glance up at the large wall clock which is inching toward the appointed hour.

DISSOLVE

CLOSE ON WALL CLOCK

It is now five minutes before twelve o'clock.

ANGLING FROM MACHINE

From which Batman and Robin are distilling drops of liquid into a small bottle. Batman glances up at the clock, then turns off the machine and grabs the bottle.

BATMAN

Now or never. Do or die, chum.

And they turn and race toward the Batmobile.

EXT. STREET - BATMOBILE (STOCK)

as the rocket car swishes past with accompanying SOUNDS.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON CLOCK

It registers one minute before midnight.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JAIL CORRIDOR

TWO WOMEN GUARDS seen previously in Part I, and SEVERAL REPORTERS stand by the desk. They react as Batman and Robin come galloping down the corridor. The reporters mill forward.

REPORTER

In one minute you're going to be exposed, Batman. Any comment?

BATMAN

Let me spend that last minute alone with Cat Woman. That's all I ask.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

As Robin starts to move with him toward Cat Woman's cell, he pauses.

BATMAN

This is something I must do alone,
old man.

(turning Robin around gently)
Please don't look.

And he moves on.

ANGLING FROM CAT WOMAN'S CELL

Where she stands gripping the bars, grinning at the approaching Batman.

CAT WOMAN

Well, did ums change his wittle mind?
Him gonna let the pretty ~~new~~ out to
play? *KITTY*

Batman moves close to her, standing face to face, only the bars of her cell between them. He reaches in his Utility Belt and takes out the small bottle.

BATMAN

Would you accept a small bottle of
perfume from an admirer?

Her eyes narrow suspiciously and she makes no attempt to reach for the bottle. Batman removes the stopper, smiling at her engagingly.

BATMAN

Just a small token to show there's no
hard feelings.

(holding it under her nose)
Sniff it. I think you'll like it.
It's called "Forgettable".

She sniffs cautiously. It's obviously divine. But now the old magnetism of his nearness affects her and she reaches through the bars to embrace him, lifting her face to be kissed and purring outrageously. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER. Batman returns her kiss, causing her to close her eyes in ecstasy while he holds the open bottle directly under her nose as he does so. After an eternity, Batman reels back, not unaffected. Cat Woman stares at him, breathing heavily.

CAT WOMAN

What's your name? I must know your
name!

He gives her a long look, then turns and walks slowly down the corridor.

ANGLING FROM ROBIN AND REPORTERS

as they hurry to meet him.

ROBIN

Did it work?

BATMAN

Complete amnesia.

(to reporters)

You can talk to her if you like, boys.
But I'm afraid she won't remember what
she was going to tell you.

He and Robin move on down the corridor.

GO WITH THEM

as they take a few steps, then stop suddenly reacting to sight of black cat slinking along the corridor toward them. They hesitate, then Batman bends to the cat gazing at it thoughtfully.

BATMAN

Here kitty. Come on. Nice kitty.

The cat comes to him allowing him to stroke it.

LOW ANGLE - BATMAN AND CAT

as he opens the perfume bottle and dabs a little behind the cat's ears, then permits the cat to sniff the open bottle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Batman rises, grinning at Robin, and they continue down the corridor. The cat hesitates, looking after them, then turns and follows them like a puppy dog. A sudden thought strikes Batman and he turns back, calling out to the woman guards in the background.

BATMAN

Make this floor cat proof. We
haven't heard the last from Cat
Woman.

And they continue on down the corridor.

ROBIN

But she'll never remember.

BATMAN

(with feeling)

No. And I'm afraid I'll never forget.

- THE END -